

VEGETABLES FOR WINTER. By Edwin Beckett, V.M.H.

# COUNTRY LIFE

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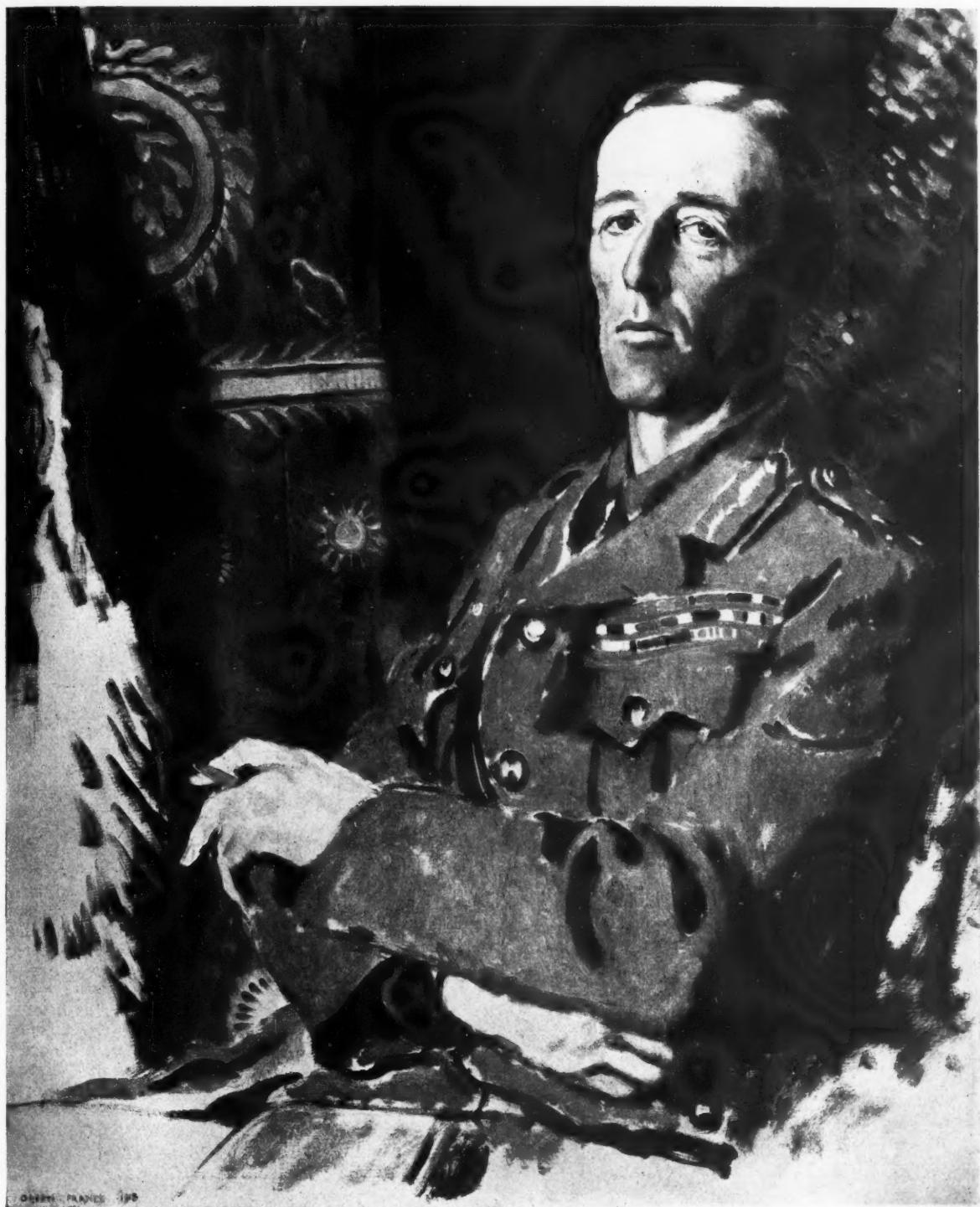
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SATURDAY, MAY 25th, 1918.

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BRIGADIER-GENERAL THE RIGHT HON. J. E. B. SEELEY, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

*From the painting by William Orpen, A.R.A.*

# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
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## EMIGRATION & HOME SETTLEMENT

IT may be that the more enlightened members of the public will scrutinise with the greatest vigilance the Home Rule Bill introduced by Mr. Long on behalf of the Government. It possesses many valuable features, but some might have been handed down from pre-war days, when it was thought desirable to encourage emigration in every possible manner. Those who drew it up would not appear to have fully adapted their minds to the changed conditions produced by the war. When the conflict closes the greatest asset remaining to this country will be that extraordinary producing power which, after every previous war, has made the country stronger than it had been before. But this is not to be accomplished by sending the largest possible number of men off to the distant Colonies. Not that by any means we wish to decry or underestimate the importance of a closer Imperial settlement. The British Empire is not only a great and honourable heritage from the past, but one of unlimited potentialities for the future, and we are bound to make the most of it. But still, home comes first, as indeed the Dominions beyond the seas have been very quick to realise. Increased productiveness within these islands has become an iron necessity. Without it there

would, indeed, be but small chance of recovering from the losses and injuries caused by this devastating war, and increased productivity requires a larger population. In agriculture, for instance, it must take the form of intensification of the present methods. No longer can we depend upon distant parts of the Empire and foreign countries to feed us. There must be, at all events, enough of the necessities of life grown here to make us sure that in the event of another European quarrel we shall not be at the mercy of submarine craft which by the time of this occurrence are likely to have been very greatly improved. In order to achieve that end means must be adopted for making the country attractive to every useful settler in it; attractive, too, from every possible point of view. That is one of the first and most important considerations. The second is the development of the industrial resources of the country.

War has taught us many things, and among them that the capacity for turning out manufactured goods is in this country practically unlimited. The hands that turned so readily to the making of munitions of war can just as certainly and as expeditiously produce the implements of peace. Further, we have had to adapt factories and other buildings to the purpose we had in view. We have also had to create new ones out of the ground and import or manufacture a vast quantity of machinery the use of which was unknown in this country before war broke out. There ought to be very little difficulty in transforming all this gear into the means of producing for home or abroad the implements and other goods for which there will be a great demand when war ceases. It cannot be forgotten that in every belligerent country many important industries have been paralysed during the war, and no neutral has been able to make up the deficiency; that is to say, all stocks have fallen very low. If we take such a homely illustration as an ironmonger's shop, we shall find by going into it and enquiring for many of the most ordinary and useful household articles that they are at present un procurable. Many used to be made in Germany and sent to this country; others were made in factories that for years have been devoted to munition work. To bring production level again with consumption in regard to these articles will be the work of years, and will probably afford employment to a vast majority of those who come back from the war. For it is to be remembered that the natural desire of a man is to remain at home and to carve out a career among scenes and people with which he is familiar. It is the exception and not the rule for one to wish for wings to fly away and explore the conditions and riches of another land. It would be wrong to place any impediment in the way of those who are so inclined, especially as the Colonies are in very much the same position as the Mother Country. They, too, have been impoverished in what we may call their realised resources, and must apply themselves with energy to recovering the position which they enjoyed four years ago. It is to the benefit of the Empire as a whole that each Colony should do this. But Great Britain is in exactly the same position. When the war is concluded she will have a smaller margin than ever of superfluous workers to give to her Daughter States.

These are considerations which we hope will be duly urged when the Bill comes up for discussion. It is not the sort of measure that ought to be in danger of becoming a centre of a party quarrel. Statesmen of every shade of opinion might be induced to consider a question like this purely on its merits. No party differences ought to arise from this discussion, yet there will be very considerable differences of opinion, as there is one school of politicians which appears to think that the only salvation of the manhood of Great Britain is to be found in shipping them off to a distant Colony; but there is another, which we regard as the wiser of the two, that holds the Mother Country to have at the present moment exceptional need of the help and co-operation of her sons. They would be doing at least as valuable work for the Empire in our own workshops and factories as they could possibly accomplish in any country.

## Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece to this week's issue is from Major William Orpen's portrait of Brigadier-General the Right Hon. J. E. B. Seeley, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., now on exhibition at Agnew's Gallery.

\*\*\* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.

# COUNTRY NOTES.



THE KING has shown an excellent example by permitting the Royal Mews at Buckingham Palace to be utilised as the first "National" rabbit club of the United Kingdom. His example ought to be widely followed. Indeed, we are sure it will be followed, because a very considerable number of country gentlemen, although the idea of a club did not enter their minds, have realised the great importance of encouraging the country people to keep rabbits. We have alluded in this paper to one or two instances where the owner of an estate has started the breeding of a really useful type of rabbit, and has had no difficulty in engaging the sympathy of his household, including the servants and all the labourers and cottagers. They have realised for some time the great economy of keeping a certain number of rabbits, but the difficulty experienced last season was that of obtaining stock. There were not enough rabbits in the country to supply the demand. Fortunately, this can be rectified during the coming months. We are now at the height of the breeding season; in fact, the first litters of the year are themselves ready, or nearly ready, for breeding. Further, the united scheme of the National Utility Rabbit Association and the Food Production Department comes into being at a very appropriate moment, and ought to have a useful career.

THE main idea of it seems to be to let the individual rabbit keeper take care of himself and to encourage the formation of village clubs and to supply the members with good stock. We have used the word "economical" in regard to rabbit keeping, and the phrase may, perhaps, need a little explanation. Of the possibilities of rabbit farming on a large scale we refrain from offering any opinion at the moment. The reference is meant for the cottager only. He cannot keep a vast number of rabbits, and probably would come to grief if he attempted it. If, on an average, he possesses two breeding does, that would be sufficient for his purpose, and the cost of keeping them would be almost imperceptible because two rabbits and their progeny could be fed, to a very large extent, on the weeds and waste of the garden, the allotment and the roadside. Even in winter there is plenty of rough greenstuff to keep them going, and anyone with a little bit of land at his disposal might grow a patch of barley or a few sunflowers to provide concentrated food. In that way it would be practicable for the labourer to have throughout the year a supply of large and tender rabbits which would be extremely valuable at a time when butchers' meat is scarce and threatens to become scarcer.

THE farmers are by no means delighted with that part of the new Budget which relates to their particular affairs. In that they have only displayed a common trait in human nature. There is no class which accepts a new burden of taxation with a smiling face, and it must be conceded that Mr. Bonar Law, much in need of funds, gave the agricultural screw an extra twist. In the classical phrase of his chief he found a henroost and made very free with the contents. According to the old arrangement a farmer had the option of either paying Income Tax on the

amount of his rent or on his income, if he kept books and preferred it that way. The change is that he will now have to pay either on his income or on double his rent, which he regards as a peculiar burden laid on his stalwart shoulders. The matter is all set out for his information in a pamphlet issued by the Board of Agriculture which is to be had free, gratis and for nothing by application to Whitehall Place. One of the particular injunctions, which he can neglect only at his own peril, is that he should immediately start bookkeeping, a thing the average farmer abhors. The Board even hints that if he has not a banking account he should at once open one, so that the Pass Book might help him should he put in a claim for a reduction of his assessment.

AT present the farmer is credited with making a good profit out of the necessities caused by the war. Some individuals deny the assertion, and in a climate so fickle as ours there must be crops, and consequently profits, which fail annually. If an individual asserts that he is not making money no one would contradict him without looking carefully into his accounts, but it is safe to say that the majority are doing extremely well. If they admit it, however, it does not follow that the imposition of a special tax on agriculture is sound policy. It partakes a little of the predatory idea of which Mr. Outhwaite is the chief exponent. Land is the source of a nation's true wealth. In particular man depends upon it for his food, and it well may be that in the coming years we may not be in a position to draw our food from the Colonies or foreign countries, but will have to grow it ourselves. For this reason, if for no other, statesmen, as distinct from mere politicians, would think once, nay, even two times, in the Gladstonian formula, before placing special taxation on the producer of food. The business of our leaders in the future should be to make the practice of husbandry as attractive and profitable as is possible. A multitude of reasons for this might be given but two are sufficient. One is the need for the largest possible crops, and the other for the equally important need of a larger population raised in the healthy conditions of country life. Any change of taxation which handicaps agriculture is also a handicap upon the production of food and the production of a vigorous peasantry. The impost must also lead to depreciate the commercial value of land.

#### HAIL AND FAREWELL.

See the old *Vindictive* steaming through the night  
For the "dog-star's" riding light,  
With the battle scars upon her barely cool.

Hail her! Spirit ships of old, passing by  
She is going forth to die  
Groping blindly as the sea fog wraps her round.

See the motor launches hunting far and wide  
Like terriers by her side—  
She has found the channel now and knows her fate.

Hear the guns searching vainly for a mark,  
Shrieking, crashing through the dark,  
Lighting up her dying moments with their glare.

Dip your ensigns, spirit ships, as she dies,  
With the star shells in the skies  
As the candles round her bier, say "Farewell."

M. G. MEUGENS.

AMONG the minor revolutions effected by the war is the changed position of the agricultural labourer. His worth is everywhere recognised, and he is at last beginning to enjoy a wholesome and bracing feeling of self-respect. In the past it must have been difficult to feel any sort of pride of work. Was he not conscious that he was constantly depicted as a kind of harmless lunatic and referred to almost always as Hodge or clodhopper? But now he is awake to the fact that his job is a craft, and a vitally necessary one at that. His wages are fixed by a tribunal upon which he is represented, and his hours of work are clearly defined. All this is an immense gain, and we may look forward to a responsive growth of intelligence among the cultivators of the soil and a corresponding appreciation and encouragement of their perfectly natural ambition to share in the amenities of life.

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG'S Special Order of the Day, in which he sets on record his appreciation of the good work and gallant behaviour of the Labour Corps, is a richly deserved

tribute. The Labour Corps is in a very exact sense the Cinderella of the Army, and has had little share in the splendour of war. The present recognition of their devotion and endurance will be nowhere more cordially received than among the other branches of the Service. Their work is often done in the most trying circumstances, and over and over again they have been called upon to play an entirely unaccustomed part—as, for example, when for six days and nights Brigadier-General Carey held the road to Amiens with a heterogeneous collection of cooks and orderlies and members of the labour battalions.

WE have had several letters from correspondents on the question of putting on the clock two hours instead of one for the remainder of the summer, but it is useless to publish them as the authorities, for good and sufficient reasons, have decided to let the present arrangement stand. One of the grounds for their decision is that the French are not doing so, and it would be fatal to that complete co-operation between the two armies if there were an hour's difference in the clocks. At home a very strong opposition came from the agriculturists. As was said by one of our correspondents to whom we have referred, Miss Alice Gillington, the farm labourer who gets up at half-past three in the old time rises too early. "The dews are lying cold and heavy on grass and vegetation, the air is raw, and the grey of dawn is dull." Undoubtedly the allotment holder and the town worker could have put the additional hour to great use, but the arguments against it do not favour their claims.

MANY reasons have been advanced to account for the long immunity from air raids enjoyed by this country which was broken on Sunday night by the largest and most determined assault delivered as yet by the enemy. Some put it down to the great demands for pilots and aeroplanes at the German front, others to the difficulty which Germany is experiencing in finding the particular kind of spruce which is needed to make propellers. But in all probability the Germans are finding the defence too much for them. That on Sunday was particularly well managed, although, as in every other battle, it was not possible to avoid casualties altogether. But the power and the number of the guns, the quickness and the accuracy with which the height of hostile aircraft can be ascertained have enormously improved the barrage. Simultaneously with that, our airmen are gaining in skill and experience, and they seem to be satisfied with their machines. At any rate, they played a valorous and most effective part in defending London.

THE wonderful exhibition of Mr. Orpen's War Pictures noticed in our columns has, by the generosity of the artist, been presented to the Nation on the condition that they are kept together and shown as a collection. Originally the Ministry of Information only possessed the copyright of the paintings and drawings for reproduction in one of its admirable series, entitled "Artists at the Front," and the Government merely retained an option of purchase. Mr., or, rather, Major Orpen—to give him his present title—refused to accept any remuneration, and by endowing the country with so princely a gift deprives the private buyer of that eager competition enjoyed and exercised so often at Messrs. Agnew's. The consolation or remedy for the private buyer will be to live at Messrs. Agnew's for the next few weeks. For once, aesthetic and patriotic motives can be exercised together, as the entrance money goes to a good cause and there are no temptations to spend money.

IN the amusing preface to the catalogue, Mr. Arnold Bennett declares that "to write about the pictures of Mr. Orpen is a piece of confounded cheek." However true for most of us, Mr. Arnold Bennett is an exception. Although sketches by Mr. Bennett have been reproduced in our pages, few realise that the novelist is a painter in water-colour and an etcher in his leisure moments, so he is especially qualified to discuss pictures, particularly of the front which he has visited. Some curiosity may, however, be expressed as to the identity of the "famous art critic" whom Mr. Bennett quotes as saying that "there are only six subjects in war for a painter." More tantalising is the identity of the very pretty lady whose portrait Mr. Orpen has painted twice under the title of "The Refugee." The Censor has deleted her name, or, rather, pasted her name over with paper, a proceeding at which some critics may cavil. Surely Mr. Arnold Bennett, who can write about everything, and Lord Beaverbrook, who knows everything, will relieve the strain and reveal the answers to these puzzles. Mr. Orpen is not like Picasso, who pastes

press cuttings on to his canvases; his superb art speaks for itself.

ACCORDING to a Russian newspaper, the ex-Czar is to be brought up for trial before a Bolshevik Commission, presided over by Krilenko, the former Bolshevik Commander-in-Chief. What the result of this will be it would be rash to guess at for the moment, but it is an event showing that revolution in Russia is following the same lines that it has in other countries. The likeness of what has taken place in the country of the Czars to that of the French Revolution grows more apparent with every new event of outstanding importance. Revolutionists never have shown much tender mercy to Emperors or Kings. Witness the fate of our own Charles I, to say nothing of what took place in Paris. In the meantime the Bolshevik flood takes its course. But other extraordinary changes are clearly impending. Japan and China have formally entered into an alliance to defend their position in the East against Germany, and that alone would make them interested in having good government in Russia. In America, too, there is a feeling closely in sympathy with that expressed by the conjunction of Japan and China. President Wilson placed among the objects of German ambition a pan-German programme that included penetration into the heart of Asia. German predominance in Russia would constitute a threat that the Allies cannot afford to neglect, and it can only be a matter of time before intervention becomes necessary.

#### THE RAID.

It is a lover's moon to-night,  
And here I watch the battle-light,  
Where you and I once counted stars  
'Twixt nursery window bars.

Now you—my fellow-argonaut,  
Who built a ship of chairs and sought  
(Not long ago !) the Golden Fleece—  
Dream of your home and peace.

Is it a lover's moon, out there ?  
... Here I (how little I may share !)  
Pray to be steadfast, nerved anew  
When under fire, like you !

JOYCE COBB.

WE are glad that the Board of Agriculture is directing attention vigorously to the question of seed growing. Everybody who cultivates land, be it a back garden or a large farm, knows the great scarcity and dearness of seed. Before the war we had come to depend upon supplies of this kind coming from abroad. Germany and Austria, in fact, sent us a large proportion. Here and there an English farmer had got hold of the idea that growing seeds might be turned into a lucrative branch of his art, but the vast majority depend upon the seedsman. We are feeling the lack now, and all the more so because Canada and the other Overseas Dominions are more or less dependent on the Old Country for supplies of seed. Some very good suggestions have been sent out by the Board of Agriculture to the Agriculture Committees, and we hope that the movement will find grace in popular favour. After all, anyone who keeps a garden should provide some of his seed. Many of his plants are biennial in character, and the left-overs from last year should be made to grow seed this year. A leek or two, for instance, an onion or two, a few parsnips and a few carrots, a few sprouts or broccoli run to seed would provide enough for more than one establishment next year. The idea of the Board of Agriculture is to induce farmers to do this on a large scale and on methodical lines.

IN the article on the Government Standard Silo which appeared in our issue of May 18th it was stated in error that the smaller of the two types sent out from Whitehall is twenty-four feet in diameter and twenty-four feet in height. The figure should have been twelve feet in diameter. The matter is important because there are large numbers of the farming population for whose requirements a silo of the smaller size would be sufficient. Its capacity is about fifty tons, and in the case of a dairy farmer who keeps about twenty-five cows, this would serve to keep them comfortably throughout the winter. These are exactly the sort of people who cannot always obtain the labour and other requisites for growing turnips. Indeed, in many cases they have not the land for the purpose, and therefore ensilage would come in extremely handy for their purpose.

## THE KING & THE RABBIT MOVEMENT



TWO OF THE RABBITS  
AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

**S**IMPLE deeds have often proved those of the greatest importance, and the King, by the installation of a rabbitry within the bounds of Buckingham Palace, has set an example that if followed will be of the utmost service to the nation. We all know how the peasants on the Continent, particularly those in Germany, France, Belgium and Holland, have eked out their means of existence by keeping rabbits. In peace-time it was rather a jest with the comparatively prosperous rural classes in this country. They had been accustomed to look upon rabbits as playthings for children, and rather prided themselves on eating only the wild rabbit after it had been shot or trapped. It required a great war to show the possibilities of rabbit keeping as a means of augmenting food. Within a very short period after the outbreak of hostilities it became evident to the observant that allotment holders and country people generally were turning their eyes to the rabbit. They had a double object in view. First, there was the chance of selling the little animals on terms much more advantageous than any suggested by their previous experience. This was the lesser of the considerations, however. The major one was that here was a kind of small livestock suitable to small people, small allotments and small cottages. It had very much in its favour. The rabbit is at least as prolific as the pig, although our readers scarcely need be warned that the old school conundrum intended to show that from a single pair of rabbits thousands—or was it millions?—could be produced in a season was an idea that must have originated from a museum or other haunt of bookmen, as it corresponds with nothing in practical experience. The prolificacy of the rabbit when stated without exaggeration is perfectly sufficient to account for its popularity. But it is very different from that of the scholastic fancy. A tame rabbit breeds naturally about March, and in the ordinary way will produce three litters in the course of a year. It is difficult to say what the average number in a litter is, because it varies with the breed of the rabbit and the idiosyncrasies of the individual. We have heard of a doe producing twenty at a birth, but this means that a considerable proportion of them die. In the particular case we believe eight alone survived. But ten is a very good litter, and if of these ten six or seven can be brought to table, the rabbit-keeper has every reason to be satisfied. The doe will give him, on an average, about three of these litters in the course of a year, so that one rabbit in the course of twelve months is multiplied by at least twenty, and two does kept by a cottage household will go far to supply their wants as far as meat is concerned. The young begin to breed usually about their eighteenth week, and will give one or two litters, according to the time of the year in which they were themselves born. This is the plain truth about the rabbit, and it needs no exaggeration. There is no farm animal which breeds so quickly. Then another point is that of all livestock the rabbit is the most easily fed. We are, of course, referring to the country. In the town, where the rabbit is enclosed and the whole of the food has to be purchased, it is doubtful if he is so economical. But in the country he can be kept in summer for practically nothing. Beginners will tell one that if he is given too much greenstuff he takes a disease, all forms of which are described by the rustic in the compendious word "pot belly," which is Anglo-Saxon for indigestion. The way to get over this is to supply the rabbit with as much variety of food as can be obtained. Instinct tells the creature what to select, and along the ordinary hedgerow it is possible to find well on to a hundred different plants that the rabbit will

eat freely. The secret of good feeding, then, consists largely in placing before him so many varieties of plant that he can select those which agree with the rabbit constitution. In this way he will be brought to maturity in good condition without much other food than the waste of the garden and the green from the roadside. But when at the age of about fifteen weeks he comes to be fattened, other food should be given. The old custom was to use oats for this purpose, or some other cereal, but in these days of a short bread supply that is out of the question. Boiled potatoes have been found excellent for fattening, and sugar beet, which answers for so many purposes, can be as advantageously used in fattening rabbits as in fattening pigs. This is the case for rabbit-keeping.

It is most advisable that the work should be organised. Townspeople may talk complacently of satisfying their appetite on soups, vegetables and what the countryman calls "slops" of one kind or another; but the worker in the open air is difficult to content unless there is something more solid put on his plate. Rabbit pie he has always regarded as a prime delicacy, and stewed rabbit would certainly answer to the purposes of butchers' meat. This in itself would form a very good reason for rabbit propaganda, and the Food Production Committee may be congratulated on the efficiency with which it has been carried out. The scheme in its entirety will be placed before the public shortly, but here it is enough to glance at a few of its features. In the West End of London there are innumerable stables, garages and outbuildings of one kind and another which were used for purposes that are suspended during the war. By permitting the use of his garage as a rabbitry King George has shown to what use such places can be put. Here rabbits should be bred with care and intelligence, so that dwellers in the country may draw from them useful and dependable stocks. Here the Executive Committees of the Agricultural County Committees come into play. It is arranged that they should in every way encourage the keeping of rabbits by the allotment holder and the cottager, and the difficulty of finding stock for them will be overcome in town. We do not think that in the future it will be so great as in the past. At the end of last year and the beginning of this it was most difficult to obtain rabbits of reputable breed.

In addition to food there is another consideration which, financially at least, is equally important, and that is the production of rabbit skins. The allotment holder should be instructed how to skin the rabbit and how to preserve the pelt. Naturally, a very small number of the allotment holders would recognise the value of rabbit skins just now. They have been accustomed to sell them for a few pence to the rag-and-bone man, and have failed to appreciate the fact that out of the fur of the humble rabbit have in the past been fabricated many of the most expensive furs in which those ladies who do not know exactly what they are doing strut proudly up and down. We by no means wish to advocate the use of rabbit skins for this purpose, not over-honest, to say the least; but there are a thousand legitimate uses to which the fur can be put, and the methods of manufacturing it for these purposes are now in the way of being understood. As a result rabbit fur is bound to rise very greatly in value. The allotment holder should be taught not only about the flesh of the rabbit, but also about its skin. He will need to learn how to cure the latter and to keep it in a state fit for the manufacturer; but when that is done he will probably find the outside of the rabbit which he used to throw away is, from a monetary point of view, as good as the inside from which he drew comfort and contentment.

## AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERY

THE International Society is, of course, owing to the war, on crutches, or, some might say, without them. Even the all-British members have more controversial occupations and other obligations at rival exhibitions, so it would be unfair to express disappointment; yet one may be allowed to wonder, not why certain pictures, notably in the Long Gallery, were hung, but why they were painted. True, they are quite well painted, but it is almost impossible to believe that anyone will want to possess them. In a masterpiece, subject may be of little consequence, though I always think it is; in a merely well painted picture without inspiration, imagination or significance in technique, without even

"Blighty" (87) is an admirable piece of still life conceived in the gay modern manner—a still life without shadows, but showing knowledge and feeling for form. Mr. Ranken's "Pipe Practice" (93) is a daring experiment in tartan kilt. You can almost hear the pipes. His milder "Lilies" (85) is on far too large a scale, and I hope he will forgive me for saying that his portrait of Miss Violet Keppell (92) hardly does justice to his great talent or the charming subject. An unassuming landscape by E. O. Henrques (70) and "From a Cornish Cliff" (88), by Louis Sargent, should also be examined before passing into the Corner Gallery, where the pictures are smaller but the standard of interest, I will even add excellence, is much higher. I mean the



"WINDMILL HILL."

*Oliver Hall.*

evidence of experiment, subject or theme must be of importance. We cherish many pleasant old pictures simply for the charm of the subject or theme, adequately rendered; we cherish others in spite of their subjects, because of some happy passage of colour or some evidence of ingenious drawing.

Many capable modern painters ignore these common human failings in the public to which they make an appeal by exhibition. I hope they do not suffer from what certainly evinces a splendid indifference to commercial considerations. But my function is to note exceptions. At the end of this room glares Alvaro Guevara (74 and 75). This clever young Chilian, as I believe he is, has discovered, fairly recently, I suppose, the conventions of Matisse. I wish he would discover himself. No young artist has shown greater promise. Few have greater capacity. I wish he would submit to a severe course of Mr. Walter Sickert, or Professor Tonks, or any stern teacher; as an expert boxer he can appreciate training. Major Haldane Macfall's too facetiously named

living-with standard. Even pictures intended for a church or large building should be agreeable or interesting to live with. I do not believe in the "public gallery picture," which is usually destined for the delectation of unfortunate policemen who have to live with it, or a more unfortunate director who is obliged to hang it. Mr. Hugh Blaker's "Harvester" (110) is one of five or six fascinating little works scattered over the exhibition. Coming from a critic and connoisseur they have a special value. I wish they could have been hung together. Perhaps the best of them is "Sergeant Gleeson" (291) in another room.

In the Small Gallery Mr. Beerbohm, as usual, is unfair to his surroundings, though sparing contemporaries; not because he is a comic draughtsman, but because he is such a great artist within the limitations of caricature and cartoon. In England, farce or comedy too often usurp the attention that should be accorded to work of high seriousness, but Mr. Beerbohm shares the attributes of Hogarth and Daumier. As pieces of mere decoration his designs stand out, and,



"THE MONUMENT."

James Pryde.

let me say, knock out, everything else in the room, which is full of delightful things from other hands. His continued Rossetti Series (173) illustrate the theory I advocate, that subject in art *is* of importance: then they illustrate the theory that it has none. They are London stones from which a Ruskin could torture sermons; they are silhouettes or arabesques from which a Whistler could evolve a whole philosophy of art. I wonder how many visitors to the Gallery, whether versed in Rossetti literature or not, appreciate the extraordinary wit with which Lord Beaconsfield and Rossetti (2) are introduced into one composition and exhibited at the International! Let us pass to less cruel, less assertive drawings; those of Gunner Revel, for example (156, 160). He is another Brabazon, unless I am mistaken, with the same exquisite gift of rendering colour and the added power to articulate form. For Mr. Dulac's jolly little pastiche of an Indo-Persian miniature (No. 224) I have an envy of which the owner must beware. It could be nipped off the walls so easily; and art critics are proverbially dishonest. More agreeable is it to dwell on this



"THE MILL GIRL."

William Strang, A.R.A.

promise that Mr. Dulac's astonishing talent is not to be always employed for reproductive purposes in tedious colour blocks; that his marvellous technical accomplishment can be exercised without reference to forthcoming editions of *Omar* or *the Arabian Nights*.

Mr. Ambrose McEvoy contributes two aspects of Mrs. Gilbert Russell (216, 243) in the formula of water-colour he has made his own, his only rival being Mr. McEvoy, the painter in oils.

Coleridge the poet, not a very scrupulous man, once excused himself for examining only a few pictures in an exhibition on the plea that he had potentially seen all the others, very much as an unscrupulous judge will ignore evidence with which he is out of sympathy. I fear that is a



"HAZEL IN ROSE AND GOLD."

Sir John Lavery, A.R.A.

precedent for all art critics. In the Large Gallery at the Grosvenor, however, are at least fourteen pictures which cannot be ignored, and I think will be admired as much as I admire them myself. Four of them are reproduced in these pages. The others speak for themselves to anyone standing in the centre of the room, if it is not too crowded. But there is one, a fifteenth, which might elude notice, by a painter of whom I never heard, Mr. Vivian Forbes (38). I wish he had not chosen the moon for lighting his interesting figure composition, based, I cannot help thinking, on Mr. Glyn Philpot's conversation about Mr. Rickett's attitude towards Delacroix's influence on Daumier. Then youth is always complex: the picture has delightful promise. Mr. Sargent's welcome return to England a few days since is happily coincident with the exhibition of the beautiful portrait of Viscountess Acheson (42). R.

## THE SANDWICH TERN



Miss M. G. S. Best.

SANDWICH TERNS.

Copyright.

INDIFFERENT to war, the birds of the air keep their terms and go on breeding just as they did in a stiller and more peaceful world. Those which mostly frequent the land are now reaching the second and even the third stage in their household economy. They were late this year, and only a few weeks ago what one found mostly were

nests half made or newly completed or containing only the first or second instalment of eggs. Now the majority have completed the clutch and are sitting. Already some have hatched out and even left the nest, though not so many as we have known in earlier seasons. The sea birds come later, but among the pioneers is the Sandwich tern which nests



Miss M. G. S. Best.

SANDWICH TERNS ON THEIR NESTS.

Copyright

a good month before its congeners, the other terns, do. At the end of April or the beginning of May it has taken up its abode in such breeding places as the Farne Islands in Northumberland and Ravenglass, off the Northumbrian coast.

At Sandwich

in Kent, where the bird was first found and noted, and whence it derives its name, it is now no longer found, but great numbers come south to breed in the two haunts named, and also to some extent, on the east coast of England and the Scilly Isles. Those who visit the seaside in the course of the Whitsuntide holidays may therefore have an opportunity of finding a nest of this, the earliest of its kind; while those who, perchance, have to remain in town may in imagination recall other days when in the marram-grass or on the rocky and storm swept Farne Islands they have sought with triumphant success the first nest and eggs of the Sandwich tern.

Unfortunately, their quest must be to some extent restrained by the exigencies of war. Military and naval



Miss M. G. S. Best.

ON THE SAND DUNES.

Copyright.

action, for it happens that Whitsuntide this year coincides with a time of preparation on the part of the Germans for another great offensive.

Moreover, that most useful adjunct to the naturalist, the camera, is not at all favoured. Innocent as the camera is in the hands of the naturalist artist, it is impossible for those who keep watch and guard to know every one of the fraternity by sight, or even by name; and an enemy with photographic apparatus might be the means of doing much harm to Great Britain. What remains for him, then, is to fight his battles o'er again, or, in other words, to read and admire what others have done, instead of trying to emulate their performances.

## VEGETABLES TO PLANT FOR WINTER SUPPLIES

BY EDWIN BECKETT, V.M.H.

LATE as it is getting in the sowing and planting season there is even yet a great deal that can be done by all earnest workers who will make a determined effort and lose no further time in beginning their campaign. In the hope of being of service to late starters I will briefly detail the more important of the crops that can be grown especially for winter food, giving with each a few concise cultural notes.

**Potatoes.**—This is unquestionably the most important vegetable of to-day, and should be grown by everyone. Though, like most other vegetables, it prefers deep, well worked ground, this is not absolutely essential to obtain a crop, and shallowly dug soil can be utilised, or even only two or three inches whereon the seed tubers can be laid. Even under such adverse conditions potatoes will grow and render up their crop, provided soil can be employed for earthing up, to cover the tubers and support the haulm. Late varieties should be planted without any further loss of time, and those who find it necessary to postpone planting to a later period still should employ early (*i.e.* quick maturing) varieties, as these will ripen before the autumn rains get a chance of spoiling them. There is yet time for many thousands of acres of tubers to be planted, and where late planting takes place, rows should most certainly be set wide apart.

**Onions.**—Second only to the potato and running it close with regard to importance comes the onion, an exceedingly useful vegetable, one that is in huge demand and required to such an extent that large foreign importations are necessary to keep up the supply. Far more onions should be grown in this country, as the climatic conditions are very suitable for it. For those desirous of making an onion bed now it will be necessary to obtain strong young seedlings from a reliable source and put them out in rows about 12ins. to 15ins. apart, and allow 4ins. to 6ins. from plant to plant, according to the size of the variety grown. Make firm and water well in.

**Haricot and Dutch Brown Beans.**—These vegetables are probably the third in importance for winter storing and use, and should be sown now so that the seeds mature early. They are of value said to be far above that of meat in nourishing and feeding qualities. Sow in double rows, the two sides of which should be about 6ins. apart, and the seeds put in with the same distance between. The best way to accomplish this is to draw drills 6ins. wide and 2ins. deep and allow 3ft. between each pair of

drills. These beans must not be picked for use while green, but allowed to ripen on the plants, the latter being lifted when the pods are ripe, and hung root upwards in a dry airy shed to dry off, after which the pods of beans can be shelled at convenience. Where space is lacking for the purpose of sowing this may be overcome by sowing the seeds in boxes and raising in either a frame or house, and the seedlings planted out later on. Probably this is the best way of growing, as the plants can be matured earlier in good opening weather. The Dutch brown bean is, in my opinion, the very best and most delicious form of dried bean that there is. We grew it largely here (Elstree) last year and were more than pleased with the result and very heavy yield. Needless to say it is being sown more freely this year than before. These beans will do best on a sunny south border, as this assists them in ripening.

**Leeks.**—Too much attention can hardly be paid to this winter vegetable. It is one of the easiest to grow on almost any soil or aspect, is perfectly hardy, and one of our most delicious vegetables. Every possible vacant piece of ground should be utilised for these, planting now onward for the next six weeks either in trenches or on the flat. To procure long length of blanch, brown paper collars should be placed round them immediately after planting. Earth up after the desired height is reached, when the root will thicken to correspond with the length. This vegetable cannot be grown first and blanched after, but must be dealt with *vice versa*.

**Celeriac.**—Not nearly so much grown in this country as it deserves. It is a distinct and deliciously flavoured vegetable for use all through the winter. Good specimens always find a ready market. In the past we have, to a very large extent, depended on importations. It may be grown on almost any site. The ground should be thoroughly enriched and plenty of water afforded the plants during drought. Allow 2ft. from row to row, with 15ins. to 18ins. from plant to plant. This should be planted during the next four weeks.

**Celery.**—Plant largely during the next two months. It may be successfully grown and blanched, especially for early supplies, with much less labour than is usually expended on it. Plant on the flat on well manured ground, from four to five rows in a bed and water abundantly—indeed, this moisture-loving plant can hardly receive too much. Tie and blanch with brown

authorities are not at the present time in the mood to encourage or even tolerate investigations of the most innocent kind on the East Coast. They cannot be blamed. It faces the German Ocean which at any time may become the scene of a bitter naval

paper, the result of this method being cleaner, more perfectly blanched and of better quality than when earthed up in the usual manner, but for mid-winter and late supplies earthing up is necessary to protect the growths against severe frosts.

**Pumpkins and Vegetable Marrows.**—Let me impress on the public as much as possible the importance of these vegetables for winter use. Though by no means a new idea, for some reason or another, well ripened pumpkins and vegetable marrows are but rarely come across; whereas they, some varieties especially, constitute one of our best winter vegetable dishes. Large pumpkins, when well ripened, after being once cut, may be

kept in a dry room for weeks and used as required. Their value also for jam-making has rightly been acknowledged by some of the Local Food Control Committees, who, owing to the likely shortage of the plum crop, have admitted them on the list of preserving fruits.

**Salsify.**—This, commonly called the "Oyster Plant," is little grown, except in large gardens; but there is no reason why its culture should not be largely extended. It is a delicious food when nicely served. Sow on deeply worked, but not freshly manured, ground, at any time during the present month.

## "BY ANY OTHER NAME"

**M**ANY a devout Shakespearian, one fancies, must feel the uneasy stirrings of a heresy when it comes to this doctrine of names. For in some of us the conviction persists—surviving the magic of a phrase—that, after all, there is a good deal in a name, and that a rose would smell considerably less sweet by any other. Is not a living language a tree so rooted in the past and yet so susceptible to every wind of the present that it cannot without injury be forced into an arbitrary shape? And to call a rose a violet would surely be just such an arbitrary outrage! In fact, any ordinary word would not be nearly such a good example, for ordinary words are liable, beneath the wind and weather of time, to profound alterations of meaning; but who can doubt that

*A primrose by the river's brim  
A yellow primrose was to him*

who beheld it in the dawn of the English language, even as it is to us to-day? And (if one may be pardoned for a jesting misapplication) the fact that "it was nothing more"—or less—to him than to us is just what makes such a word sacred, a link not to be destroyed between the present moment and "the buried past of the earth." There is some deep delight in remembering that no generation ever lived and called itself English that would not have understood (for instance) Sydney Dobell's

*Then came the cowslip,  
Like a dancer in the fair,  
She spread her little mat of green,  
And on it danced she;*

or Francis Thompson's

*Where the thistle lifts a purple crown  
Six foot out of the turf,  
And the haresbells shake on the windy hill;*

or William Morris's

*I know a little garden close  
Set thick with lily and red rose.*

And this extraordinary charm, individuality, *rightness* of flower names extends to other names—provided they are old. Some virtue seems to have gone out of the past that the hasty-ridden and self-conscious present lacks. Against our modern gains we have certainly to set this one loss of the elusive, exquisite art of naming things. The fact may easily be tested by a comparison between English and American place-names. Are not scores and hundreds of the former laden not only with meaning and melody, but with that indescribable quality that is like poetry itself, dimming the eyes and hushing the heart beneath its spell? But the only American place-names that satisfy the ear and the mind with this inevitability, this air of being native to America, are the old Indian names which Walt Whitman loved to roll from his pen:

*Chants of the long-running Mississippi, and down to the Mexican sea,  
Chants of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota.*

Of one such name he cried rejoicingly,

*Now I see what there is in a name, a word,  
liquid, sane, unruly, musical, self-sufficient;*

and he had penetrated to the soul of that ancient lure when he wrote:

*The red aborigines,  
Leaving natural breaths, sounds of rain  
and winds, calls as of birds and animals  
in the woods, syllabled to us for names.*

But modern American names are a curious study for the name-lover. Two impulses seem to have been at work. One group of godfathers argued that by simply "lifting" old-world names they could not go far wrong, forgetting that it is impossible to "lift" at the same time associations, memories and history; consequently the eye roves distractedly over a nightmare map, victim of an incredible earthquake that flings together Westminster and Warsaw, Jerusalem and London Bridge, Antwerp and Athens. The second group of sponsors avoids this pitfall only to fall into another—that of celebrating some native person or event without possessing either the "unpremeditated art" of an earlier and simpler day or the power of selection that is

the unseen pivot on which conscious art turns. So ear and eye are afflicted by places called "Competition," "Enterprise," "Triumph"; by "Phillips," "Hawkins," "Atkinson" and "Amelia"; by "Pottsville," "Marbletown" and "Dodge City."

What is an American poet to do with names like these? He does the only thing possible when he leaves them alone. The fact is rather pathetically illustrated by a book of modern American verse that happens to be at hand. When the poet writes of places in America he is careful not to do it by name; but, since there is something in names that seems to be almost a necessity to poets, he also writes of places that he *can* name—Taormina, Assuan, Cadiz, Cameroon—names that belong to all the world as much as to him, and that deny him the intimate passion of home. In what pleasant places are an English poet's lines laid by comparison. One opens a neighbouring book, an anthology of contemporary English verse, and at once sees what an inspiration a name can lay on the singer. Is it not obvious, for example, that a line which runs

*The Beacon over Irvinghoe*

scarcely needs to be written? It writes itself by being at one and the same time astonishingly beautiful in its broad, open syllables and a record of fact accurate enough for a guide-book; and the poet who saw this, and allowed it to begin his poem by writing itself, was then free to lie on that windy height and, like a god, pick from the wide plain beneath him a handful of names that should write some more of his poem for him. But it is only out of the riches of unlimited choice that so haunting a success as this may be born:

*By Amersham and Aylesbury,  
By Wendover and Wing.*

Running into and mingling with the poet's sense of the beauty of these names is his sense of their history—of the known and recorded continuity of human life in this one spot:

*The Saxon and the Roman here  
These winds and suns have felt.*

The same thrilled consciousness of the centuries linked by the power of a name is the quickening breath of another poem in the volume:

*On Quarley Down, on Quarley Down  
The trees grow straight, the trees grow tall,  
And there the Romans set their camp  
And girdled it with moat and wall;*

which has for its swinging, resonant close a line that is like the tramp of a Roman legion:

*Whose ditch is their memorial?*

So, too, it is the living and the long dead who meet in the wistful dusk where,

*Sweet and chill, the sea-wind sighs  
Round Colonsay, round Colonsay.*

It is not by accident nor yet at the bidding of a freak of fashion that so many poets linger on the name of their choice, return to it again and again, make it the very framework of their verse. Such repetitions are rather tributes, deliberate or instinctive, to the magic explanatory power of names, the "self-sufficient" quality noted by Whitman. It is as if each poet argued: "Let me but say this name that I love often enough, and they will hear in it what I hear, understand in it more than I could ever tell." The same deep instinct was alive in the writers of the old anonymous ballads—"The Lass of Lochroyan," "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow," "Helen of Kirconnell"; it is superlatively present in John Todhunter's

*There's a glade in Aghadoc, Aghadoc, Aghadoc,*

where the voice is checked on each repetition of the "g" as on the sudden muting of a violin or the break of a sob, and then released for the menace, the wailing portent of that ever repeated "oe." One dare swear that no sensitive ear could listen for the first time to that line without feeling in it the shadow cast before of tragedy.

But if the Englishman of to-day cannot, like the American, give atrocious names to his towns and villages, because, happily

for him, the past took charge of these old christenings, it is only fair to admit that where he can commit a blunder, as over naming a house, he does it with hearty good will and a quite monotonous preference for the commonplace, the pretentious or that "inappropriateness" which is "the essence of vulgarity."

His lack of originality, even in sining, is revealed by the pages of any directory. "Sunnyside," "Glendale," "Mount Pleasant," "The Chestnuts," "The Elms," "The Firs," "The Laurels": one knows by experience how few of the countless houses that bear such names as these would prove on closer acquaintance to have the least natural claim to them. For have we not all met their like?—"Burnsides" that knew no running water save that of a tap; "Fernbanks" that were no "green thought in a green shade," but four brick walls in a dusty street; "Holmsides" that were as destitute of holly or ilex as they were ignorant that their only reasonable alternative was a view of a river islet.

Such names as "The Gables," "The Towers," "The Chase," "Shortacres," once appropriate to individual mansions fell a prey to the Victorian passion of gentility; and now, let them be never so suitable, they raise visions of their absurd namesakes perishing unbeautifully in obscure suburbs beneath the deceitfulness of stucco. But if the Victorians were pretentious, their devices were frankness itself compared with the methods of their successors in vulgarity to-day. No longer do these build a semi-detached house and seek to deceive the world with an innocent *camouflage* of "Osborne," "Abbotsford," or "Carisbrooke"; they build large, comfortable, expensive houses with inlaid floors, electric light and central heating, and make them odious with such mock-modest titles as "The Cot," "The Cottage," "The Hut," "The Hutch," "The Bungalow," "The Den," "The Nook," "The Cabin." Sometimes they do even worse, as when a smart, prosperous, casement-curtained house in a bustling thoroughfare outrageously calls itself "The Shieling." Here it is a matter not merely of inappropriateness, but also of dimming a previous and beloved image. For is not a word, like a career, "open to talent"—the property of him who uses it to the best advantage? And does not this word, therefore, belong once and for all to that unknown exile who uses it in a superlatively beautiful expression of the passion of homesickness?

*From the lone shieling of the misty island  
Mountains divide us and a waste of seas;  
But still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,  
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.*

Into the same category of execrable iconoclasm falls "Innisfree" as a name for a house. It is more than likely that the owner has commandeered it simply on the strength of his "nine bean rows"—or less; but this is immaterial. Let him by some miracle get every detail exact, and he would still be the object of malediction. For no place on earth—not even the place itself—can compete with a spot of which the mind has formed an ideal image; and so the wise lover of "The Lake Isle of Innisfree" will, even on his travels, travel elsewhere, lest on that fateful day the cricket should omit to sing or the linnet be disastrously absent.

There is, of course, a superior order of intelligence that does not commit such errors of taste as these; yet even here there is generally something lacking of the old naturalness, the old repose. Take a few old names at random: "The Aubreys," "Dane End," "Flowers," "Heathery tops," "Two Waters," "The Crossways," "Windy Harbour"; and compare them with a modern list, even of the better sort—"Rest Harrow," "The Suntrap," "The Sundial," "The Thrid," "Applegarth," "The Rosery," "Goodrest," "The Wilderness." Is there not something a little sophisticated and mannered about all the latter?—a touch of preciosity and of seeking after effect?

Effect!—there, surely, is the secret of the thing. To seek it, as to-day, is to miss it; to be concerned, as in the past, only with the object to be named or its owner, is to attain it. Such a name can sometimes resist not only the deadly flattery of imitation, but even decay and ruin itself. One remembers, as a case in point, the site of an old house where nothing remains but the moat and an avenue of ancient medlar trees. Yet in an instant the quiet fields may raise a mansion for the passer-by, and fill it with brocades and ruffles and swords—for the name that still clings to those ghostly meadows is "Lordship's."

What does it matter to us whether or not we know that a house called "Clouds" takes its origin from the owner's ancient connection with St. Cloud? It is interesting, of course; but it is

the name itself in its happy, natural metamorphosis that is delicious, painting for the inward eye a panorama of windy skies. Old names often surround themselves with this atmosphere of proud tranquillity and indifference to explanation. One recalls a later example of it in a "Clock House" that has no clock, and yet defies one, in Georgian dignity, so much as to remark on the omission. But often, too, the historical significance of a name remains plain enough, and specially in places contiguous to "battles long ago," such as "Slainsfield," "Watchlaw," "Brakespear," "Campie," "Generals" and "Keek-out." Even when an old name has an air of humour, as in "Pancake" or "Drylaw," it is only superficial. One may smile, but it is with enquiring interest, not with disrespect. The latter feeling is reserved for the man who stamps his rabid egoism on an "Affluence Lodge" or a "Nonpareil House"; for the builder who succumbs to the inspiration of uniting his pair of villas in a bond closer than that of bricks and mortar by calling one of them "Marie" and the other "Corelli"; for the befogged individual of whom it will never now be known whether he desired to "praise famous men" or to draw attention to the bushes in his front garden when he called his house "Laureate"; for the enterprising spirit who combined a flavour of piety with the sweet uses of advertisement by naming his row of dreary domiciles "Chosen Villas."

Sentimentalists who indulge in such names as "Dulce Domum," "Mon Repos," "Sans Souci" and "Home" are fairly asking for trouble. A neglected garden, a broken window-pane or a screaming baby, and they are lost; a smile comes to the lips of the least critical, and the cynic is furnished with a theme after his own heart. A single exception recurs to the memory—a certain "Peace Cottage" that once seemed immune from mockery because past its garden gate went, for ever singing, one of "the little brooks that tumble as they run." But now, it need hardly be said, as if in abashed acknowledgment,

*That June and the June waters,  
And birds and dawn-lit roses  
Are gospels in the wind,*

the name has vanished.

Very occasionally a modern name lingers in the memory by reason of a special beauty of fitness. One recalls a certain seaward-facing house to which the attention of the passer-by is at once drawn by a singular charm of the garden. Scroll-work gates bound it at either side, and, glancing through one of these, the eye travels delightedly over an unbroken sea of lawn, thrush-lyric in the dusk, until it comes to rest on the slender tracery of the further gate. Peace and poetry are the notes of that garden, and it is with a sense of completion that one accepts "Rossetti" as the perfect name for the whole effect of it. For here at one time the poet lived, and here (if one remembers rightly) he died.

Another name that has built an altar in the heart is that of an "Orchard Cottage." Many may be called by the name, but few can be as well chosen. One passed it on a sunny spring morning—came upon it unexpectedly at a sudden bend in a woodland path. The cottage stood high, with the orchard—a tidal-wave of young blossoming trees—surging up the hillside to it, enfolding, engulfing, obliterating it with beauty.

Foreign names seem to have a dreadful fascination for a certain class of mind, regardless of the fact that it is impossible to acclimatise any of them, from "Villa Bellina" to "Maisonette," from the really awful "Mon P'tit Chou" to the simply incredible "Zeppelin" that one is nevertheless assured is already in existence.

There seems no inherent reason why a modern house, even of modest size, should not be felicitously named. The two essentials appear to be that the house should have some outstanding feature or character, either in itself or in the surrounding country, and that the sponsor should seek some happy and simple reference to this, rather than any note personal to himself or deliberately archaic or the fashion of the moment. Thus, for instance, one knows a house delightfully fitted with "The Lattices" for name, and another—an odd-looking cottage with all the windows at the back—that strikes its individual note of mystery, and even of nefariousness, in the title, "Rogue's Roost."

But names for ordinary town and suburban houses in roads are, for the most part, simply vanity in the sponsor and vexation of spirit to the seeker. Nothing but the humble, useful number will suit such cases, for no name can distinguish a house that is in every architectural detail indistinguishable from its neighbours. The whole duty of town and suburban dwellers with regard to naming their houses may therefore be summed up in Mr. Punch's classic "Don't."

V. H. F.





JUST below Wroxeter and the Watling Street a tributary runs into the Severn, and near its point of junction is the village of Cound, which Mr. Eyton, in his "Antiquities of Shropshire," tells us must have been a British settlement, as "Cond is the Celtic word for an embouchure." But the Saxons knew this not and, taking it to be the name of the stream, called the more important place on its upper waters Condover. It is to Cound that we turn our attention to-day, but we shall have much to say of Condover next week.

The Domesday surveyors found Cound held in demesne by a Fitz Alan, and a century later William Fitz Alan makes his mill there chargeable with one mark per annum to be paid to Shrewsbury Abbey "for the special purpose of buying wine wherewith masses were to be sung to the intent that by virtue of that sacrifice and by the merits of St. Peter and St. Paul the grantor's soul might be delivered from the torment of everlasting thirst." How long the Cound miller had thus to assuage the thirst of living priest and dead earl I know not, but find that the nephew and heir of Edward I's great Chancellor, Bishop Burnell of Acton Burnell, married a Fitz Alan and that Cound was her dower. Although failure

of issue brought it back to the Fitz Alans, it had passed from their possession before the sixteenth century closed, for we then find it held by Sir Henry Townshend. He was of the Norfolk family who flourished by the law, Judge Townshend, under Henry VII, seating himself at Rainham, which is still possessed by his descendant in the senior line. But a younger son of the judge's younger son held land and obtained office in the West, for he appears in the Shropshire Visitation of 1623 as Sir Robert Townshend of Ludlow, knight and justiciar for Wales, and father of Sir Henry Townshend of Cound whose daughter and heiress had married Edward Cressett much earlier in the reign of James I than the date of the visitation, which records Richard and Francis as their sons. Edward Cressett was a neighbour, being of Upton Cressett, near Bridgnorth. Under the early Plantagenets there had been Uptons of Upton, but Courtaine de Upton had carried the manor to her husband, Thomas Cressett of Little Whiteford, when Edward III was king. Their descendant, Richard Cressett, in 1583 rebuilt the house, which, though now reduced to the size and character of a farm, retains good features of that age, such as the noble chimney stacks and a complete gate-house, which has in its upper

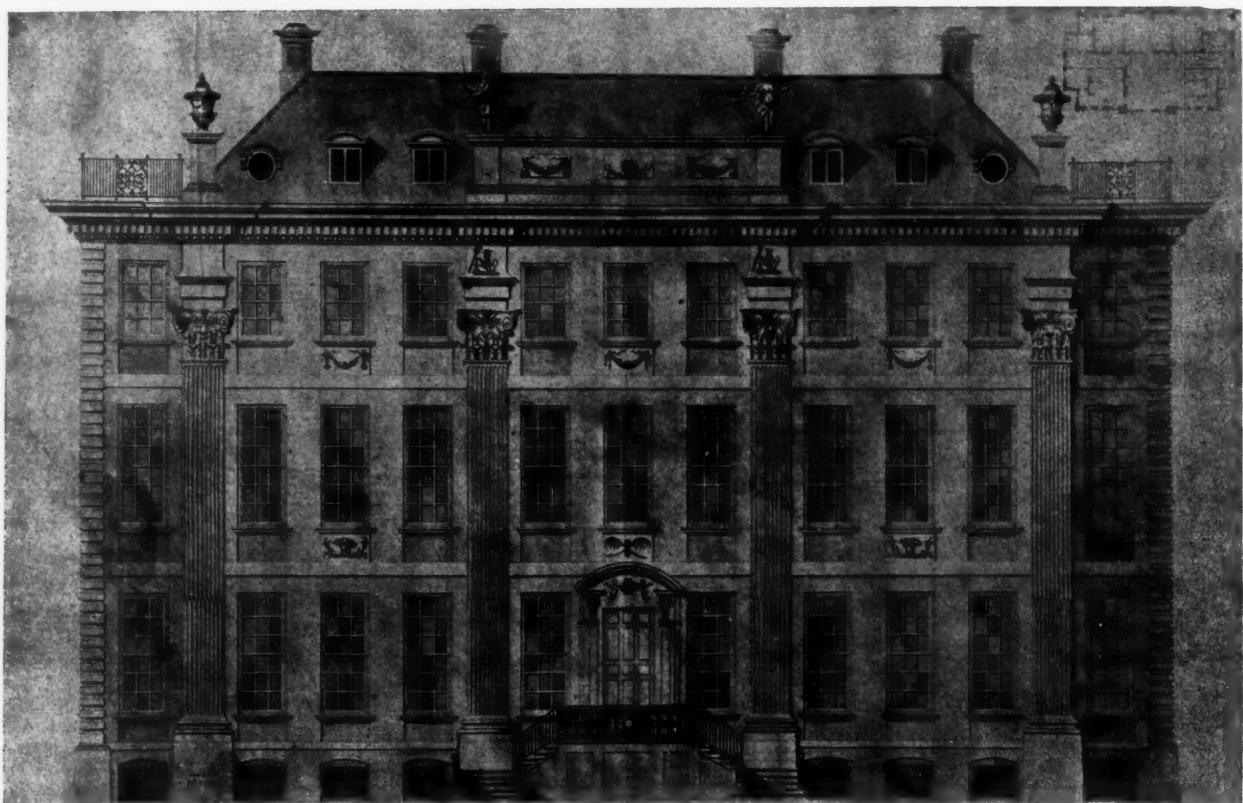




2.—THE SOUTH AND WEST SIDES.

Copyright.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

3.—ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR THE NORTH ELEVATION.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

4.—THE NORTH ELEVATION.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

rooms interesting plasterwork very similar to that at Willey, Wilderhope and Plaish in the same part of the county. Upton was probably a finer and more recent place than the old house of Cound when that came into possession of the Cressetts under James I, and at Upton they appear to have remained seated during the seventeenth century. When Charles I and his Parliament warred against each other Edward Cressett sat on the Royalist Council of War held in Shrewsbury in 1643, and two years later was at the meeting of the Commissioners of Array at Bridgnorth, soon after which he was slain there. Matters were now looking black for the Royalists, and Edward's son, Richard, thought it well to trim. Summoned to attend on Lord Astley at Bridgnorth, he "begs the favour to be Absent" on the grounds that since his father's death he had lived a "retired life." In 1649 we find him acting as Parliamentary Justice of the Peace; but he was not disturbed in person or property at the Restoration, and lived on until 1678. Other members of the family were less opportunist, for the present owner of Upton Cressett has a portrait of Sir Francis Cressett, brother to Richard, painted as a warrior in armour with flowing Charles II wig by W. Wissing in 1672. A staunch royalist, family tradition connects him prominently with the efforts to effect Charles I's escape from Carisbrook in 1648. It was a score of years after Richard Cressett's death that his successor decided to build in the style of his day, and, probably because of its accessibility to Shrewsbury, chose the Townshend estate for the purpose. Mindful of the garden formalist's dictum that "the most graceful ground is an entire level," he fixed a somewhat flatter and more open site than that occupied by the old house, of which the foundations are still visible nearer to a brook which runs through the garden on its way to join the Cound river just below. A drawing of the north front with a little plan of the ground floor at the top right-hand corner survives (Fig. 3). It is the work of one "Prince, architect, Salop," who is said to have had a considerable vogue in the county, and the year of its completion was 1704. The great fluted Corinthian pilasters form the most salient of various features that give it a likeness to several Shropshire houses attributable to Smith of Warwick, as we found was the case



Copyright

5.—THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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6.—THE HALL AND STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

at Buntingdale (COUNTRY LIFE, November 3rd, 1917). They, however, date some twenty years later than Cound, which is contemporary with the west elevation of Chatsworth. At Chatsworth Talman had used pilasters of two storey height, but they stand on an adequate rusticated basement and support a complete entablature. Smith's favourite plan was to start them from the ground, carry them up short of the top of the second floor windows so that a complete entablature was impossible, a strip only of architrave and frieze being set on the pilasters, thus gaining height to run the cornice along above the window keystones. But at Cound Prince took still greater liberty with his classic order. The pilasters rise up till they reach the third floor, the top of the capital being higher than the window sills. On them he set an elongated section of architrave, then a slip of frieze. This takes him above the third range of windows, and he terminates his walls with a very big cornice of which every member is enriched. The design is sadly "unlearned," but the effect is stately and agreeable, the general tone and texture having a good deal to do with this. The brick is of the small size and pleasant light red common under William III. On the north, or entrance side (Fig. 4), it is rubbed and set in plaster of Paris, but on the south side (Fig. 2) it is rougher and set in mortar. The stone is from the estate, hard to work, but very durable, and with



7.—IN THE NORTH-EAST SITTING-ROOM.

much variety of warm tone. On the north side the carving is sufficient in quantity to give an air of richness and is well spaced, better, indeed, in reality than in the drawn elevation. The doorway was made higher than shown in the architect's "upright" and its pediment elaborated so that there was no room between it and the central windowsill for an apron. But the windows on each side have aprons with carved flower swags, and under the upper central one is a foliated cartouche with the date of completion. The family crest of a demi-lion holding a cresset or beacon is boldly carved on the bit of frieze above the flanking pilasters of the central portion to which the carving is limited, the most elaborate item thereof being within the door pediment, where amorini hold up Edward Cressett's cypher and, above, is his shield of arms. Except that there is no enrichment below any of the window sills and that the central section is pedimented, the south side resembles the north; while on east and west there are projecting portions, also with doorways, of which the windowless sides are occupied by rainwater pipes with splendid heads, more elaborate than Bulkeley Mackworth's at Buntingdale and comparable to those which we shall find at Condover. The ornament retains the original gilding and consists of Edward Cressett's arms and cypher and fruit swags on either side.



Copyright. 8.—THE UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR. "C.L."

The plan, as seen above the elevation (Fig. 3), shows the usual central hall and saloon back to back, but a wide corridor runs the whole length of the house, above and below, and the north-west corner is taken up by a great staircase. This was found to restrict the accommodation too much when Henry Pelham of Crowhurst succeeded to Cound in the time of George III. As the illustration shows (Fig. 6), he inserted a well contrived flying staircase in the hall, and was thus enabled to abolish the original one and use its space for what has become the dining-room. Edward Cressett's son, who was a small boy at the time the house was a-building, became Bishop of Llandaff under George II. A bishop's



Copyright. 9.—THE SOUTH-WEST SITTING-ROOM. "C.L."

duties were apt to be lightly taken in the eighteenth century, especially in the diocese of Llandaff, where the last episcopal residence had fallen into decay and become a farmhouse, and where even the cathedral was a sort of lath and plaster temple propped up by the columns of the roofless Gothic fane. It was considered that a fortnight every other year was as much as his lordship could be expected to spend in such unsympathetic surroundings. By his wife, Frances Pelham, he had an only child, Elizabeth, who succeeded him in 1755, and, dying unmarried some thirty years later, left Cound to her uncle. Thomas Pelham of Crowhurst represented a younger branch of the Pelhams who are now Earls of Chichester, and he sat in Parliament for Lewes. We have seen his daughter marrying Bishop Cressett, and it was his son Henry to whom Cound came by Elizabeth Cressett's will. Except the altered hall, there is not much at Cound to remind us of his period of occupation or that of his son John, who died in 1838, leaving his property to be divided between the issue of his two sisters, those of Mrs. Papillon still holding Crowhurst while Cound went to those of Mrs. Thursby. Captain Walter Thursby of the Blues, described as "of Shrewsbury" and neighbourhood, was therefore probably the first link between his son George, who entered the Church, and Frances Pelham. Their son became the Rev. Henry Thursby Pelham of Cound, which in 1878 passed to his grandson James, who subsequently sold it to Mr. McCorquodale. Much has been done to Cound by its present owner, gardens have been laid out and rooms redecorated, but essentially it is the house that was designed by Prince of Shrewsbury, of whose professional record I have found nothing further. His exterior is untouched, except where a portion of the south front had to be rebuilt after being shaken by an earthquake about 1840; but the effect is not so satisfactory as it originally was, because Henry Pelham replaced most of the thick sash barring of the windows with narrow. The consonance of

the thick sash barring with the style of the house may be appreciated by comparing the west section of the entrance front, where it remains, with the rest of that elevation where it has been discarded. If the exterior has escaped thus lightly, like good fortune did not befall the interior. The changing of the sashes probably meant the altering of the get up of those rooms where the change was made. Certainly where, in the north-east sitting-room (Fig. 7), the old sash barring remains, so does the old wainscoting. The panels are of the largest type of the day, of great width, and rising from dado rail to cornice. In the upper corridor (Fig. 8) even the dado is omitted, and the panels stretch from floor to ceiling giving a very reserved but stately feeling. If such subsidiary cases were so treated, we must conclude that there was certainly equally good and probably more elaborate work in the principal sitting-rooms.

All must have been swept away, as none remained when Mr. McCorquodale acquired the property. The first decorator he employed was evidently wedded to Jacobean work, as he lined the dining-room with panelling in that manner, enriched with carved pilasters and frieze; a good piece of modern work, but not so sympathetic with the house as the south-west sitting-room (Fig. 9), which, as regards both walls and ceiling, fully consorts with such of the original treatment of the house as survived. Extra size was obtained for the drawing-room (Fig. 5) by throwing in the room lying east of it, the wall above being carried by a beam supported on pilasters and detached columns. Here, again, the panel and cornice scheme is sympathetic with the house, the right treatment of which is dear to the heart of its present possessors, who study to maintain and develop the noble characteristics that place it among the most notable Shropshire houses of the reign of Anne, when so much excellent building was being done, not only by county magnates, but also in the town of Shrewsbury, which lies seven miles to the north-west.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

## WILLIAM ORPEN AT THE FRONT

BY ROBERT ROSS.

**M**R. ARNOLD BENNETT, when mentioning the suggestion that war presents only about six subjects for a painter, observes that Mr. Orpen at least has found sixty, if not more. War in the past may or may not have been monotonous, but the art which it inspired undoubtedly was and is. Who does not yawn before the reconstructed battle pieces of the last three centuries? To the soldier they are ludicrously untrue; to the civilian tiresome; to the historian valueless. The mediæval Italians alone succeeded in making war interesting pictorially. Paolo Uccello is the one notable war artist of the past; everyone knows his exquisite picture in the National Gallery in which the physiognomy of Swinburne has been anticipated. It is an odd coincidence that "our special



HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE PASSING TO THE YPRES SALIENT, CASSEL.

correspondent" and "our artist on the spot," who in the last century worked up thrillers for the Academy and Christmas Supplements in the security of Fleet Street or Chelsea have been superseded together. That daring innovation by which the Ministry of Information employs painters of the first rank to visualise hostilities in the first line is therefore a momentous revolution both in painting and ethics—a revolution that none will regret. Between Uccello and Orpen, however, there is one name we can never forget—Goya, of whose genius there is a moving memory in Mr. Orpen's "Receiving Room." A memory is it, or a challenge meeting us as the first number of the catalogue? For those who have been at the front the grim meaning of those living grotesques.



MANCHESTERS, ARRAS.



THE DESERTER.



A MAN THINKING.

has more poignant horror, perhaps, than for us; but their moral is similar to that of the great Spaniard's "Desastres de la Guerra." Here is propaganda as well as paint. Here is something Goya might have been asked to sign, just to acknowledge, with the traditional courtesy of his countrymen, that Mr. Orpen's armada of pictures had conquered his own haughty disdain. Mr. Orpen has brought back from the front a new technique, a new vision for portraiture and landscape, a new vision of war. Only in "An Investiture" (42) is there a hint of the previous master's hand — the master of interiors — the older Orpen we knew so well. A distinguished critic complained to me that Mr. Orpen's pictures rendered neither tones nor values. I doubt if there was time for them. These pictures have been executed with rapidity, the portraits often in two or three hours — a feat of hand and accomplishment which must not, of course, influence our appreciation of results, but interesting to note because they evince no sign of haste in the firm, sure handling. True, Mr. Orpen has abandoned certain impedimenta of traditional oil painting, whether from choice or necessity. In No. 11, "German Planes Visiting Cassel," he flirts delightfully with Post-impressionism! But examine any canvas closely and the simplicity of method will startle you after being dazzled by the rich chromatic scales, of the landscapes especially; the painting is certainly thin in substance. You get instead of artificial tones and shadows the directness and quality of fresco or tempera painting. In adapting his art and his mediums to the conditions of war, moreover, surely Mr. Orpen has lost nothing from allowing every picture to be instinct with subject matter. Before German cannons the shibboleths of art, at least, are silenced. "A Village Evening" (20) will mean more for posterity than "landscape with dead man in left-hand corner," or than "an arrangement in blue, gold and silver." A future expert will not dwell on Mr. Orpen's rhythm but on the discords he recorded so



WOUNDED IN ARMENTIERES.



ADAM AND EVE AT PERONNE.



SOUTH IRISH HORSE.



CAPTAIN J. B. McCUDDEN, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., M.M.

brilliantly. The exhibition emphasises, too, a forgotten truth, that painters are at their highest when treating lofty themes imposed on them either by their contemporaries or by human circumstances. The rather faded modern figure of the artist who insists on being an artist and nothing more, ignoring the aspirations of anyone except himself and a few brother artists, must disappear. The encouragement of artists by the Ministry of Information and War Museum will give them a status in the community such as they have never enjoyed in this country since the Middle Ages, and for a brief period in the reign of Charles I. We now have the war, not illustrated in the old sense of the word (that can be done much better by the cinematograph), but seen as the soldier sees it, not *with*, but *through* the eye, as Blake said, and through the soul and temperament of a great artist. Those vivid portraits of officers do not resemble presentation canvases beneath which mayors will dine, but what they actually are—soldiers in chance moments of leisure persuaded to sit for posterity; while even more epic and intense are such drawings as "The Thinker" (No. 38); portrait drawings of common soldiers.



A FAMOUS AIRMAN.

In the collection where terror (7) and beauty (16) strike alternate chords are little intervals of humour not entirely unexpected from an Irishman's brush. Such are the "Adam and Eve" (No. 34), which satisfies the old principle that every work of art must explain itself; or "Ready to Start" (No. 68), a very Hogarthian conception.

Of sentimentality, that curse of so much English painting and literature, there is none whatever; for the war, while robbing us of youth and architecture which can never be replaced, has, at all events, endowed us with a new school of poetry and painting. Their function has been, unhappily, sometimes to bring the *bad news from Ghent*. In Mr. Orpen's austere art may be found certain analogies with the poetry of Lieutenant Siegfried Sassoon, Captain Robert Graves, Captain Osbert Sitwell and Robert Nichols; like them he has ignored the false heroics of battle evolved from the misapprehended horse in Job; he has brought back terrible truths: "And the Sabeans fell upon them and took them away, yea, they have slain the servants at the edge of the sword"; "My face is foul with weeping, but on my eyelids is the shadow of death."



MAJOR F. E. HOTBLACK, D.S.O., M.C.



THE ARTIST.

## LITERATURE

## A BOOK OF THE WEEK

The Promise of Air, by Algernon Blackwood. (Macmillan.)

In reading Mr. Algernon Blackwood's new book my mind was irresistibly carried backward to a first adventure in the pages of Mallory. I had been reading with youthful zest of the great deeds of King Arthur and his knights, Lancelot and Sir Tristram of Lyonesse, Sir Palamides, giants, dwarfs, wizards and fair ladies, and on turning a certain page expected to find still more of their wonderful doings in that strange old world; but instead, Guenever the queen, realising that it was the month of May, called "unto her knights of the Table Round, and she gave them warning that early upon the morrow she would ride on maying into woods and fields beside Westminster." They, the knights and warriors, seemed all at once to banish from their minds the thoughts, ambitions, hopes, fears and passions that had occupied them, and the impression left was one of a joyous company wandering where

growth sed and bloweth med  
and springth the wude nu.

Mr. Blackwood's new book has widened and deepened that glorious memory. Its action also begins on a glad May morning. Wimble, who for want of a more suitable title we may call the hero of the tale, also, like Queen Guenever, goes a-maying. He was an undergraduate of Cambridge, but soon got out of the scholastic town to the dear country where

the stream was blue, the grass an emerald green, the willows laughed, showing their under leaves, the dew still sparkled. Buttercups by the million nodded in the breeze; wings were everywhere, the surface of the earth was dancing, and the whole air fluttered. The earth was dressed in blue and gold.

In the end he chases a bird, a yellow wagtail, "along the windings of the willow-guarded stream, across the fields, past hedges, copses, farms, over ditches innumerable," not to catch it, but only to gaze more closely at its beauty. The bird brings him to a place where a blue-eyed girl, barefooted, with her two black stockings hanging on a branch to dry, had been dabbling her feet in a pond below some willows. They were made for one another, the young man drunk with the dreams of youth and poetry, the girl

Standing, with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

He married her, to the displeasure of his father, who gave him five hundred pounds and cut the connection. With this little capital at his disposal he carried the fair maid on a honeymoon tour to the sun-steeped landscapes of Morocco, and they lived there as careless and as happy as two wild birds until in due time a daughter was born and the funds ran out. Then followed a transformation in the character of Mrs. Wimble. Her poetry had been that of high youth only, and with the birth of a second child she began to weary of life in tents and to long for artistic furniture, developing rapidly her latent middle-class materialism. He manfully harnessed himself to work to provide a living for her. That is the prelude to the story. Its real beginning is when the character and charm of the little girl begin to dawn on him. She was called after her mother, and the name, as might be expected from Mr. Blackwood's fastidious taste, is chosen with the most exquisite fitness. Joan takes after her father. She has inherited from him a hatred of the civilised conventions, and longs for the freedom of the air such as is enjoyed by the happy birds. Her favourite little song, which runs like a minor burden through the story, is revelation of character:

Flow! Fly! Flow!  
Wherever I am I go;  
I live on the run  
Like the birds—it's fun!  
Flow, fly, flow. . . .

The book is full of the best of Mr. Blackwood, but he is never so perfectly at home as when telling about Joan. In her that love of the birds which becomes almost extravagant in her father is much more natural. We know the child, one of those apparently very backward girls who are uninteresting to the ordinary eye because of the lack of showy accomplishments. The growth in them proceeds slowly like that of a plant which roots deeply before the stem shoots up. But her father divines the talent within. It dawned in the originality of the words she coined while still in her infancy. A few of her expressions we have noted, such as: "I'm in a hole and can't breathe. I prefer a *fewity*." Again, referring to the town, "To live like a bird is to be alive all over, I'm sure, I'm sure. I know it. It's all routing here." It is asked whether she means "rotten, routine, or living in a

rut. He did not ask, he felt her meaning." Another time she says: "Do let's go soon and live happily like the birds." Her father asks, laughingly, "You mean happily!" but she laughs back, "It's the same thing, it's like wings or running water always going wherever they are," and she sings her little tune, dancing to and fro over the carpet. And pleading with her mother for a week-end cottage, she describes it "just a place of flowers and orchards and little stream to sit down to overnight, so to say." When her father uses the phrase "another category" in one of his few lapses into the commonplace, she retorts with eyes very bright and twinkling, "That's just throwing words at me. That catty-thing, as you call it, isn't in *our* language and you know it. You nipped it out of a book." Here is a saying almost too deep for her years: "Space has *throughth*—you go through it in several directions at once." Joan never wearis the reader. He would be only too glad to have her on every page of the book, and when she is not speaking she ought to be dancing. The latter art she learned naturally in a way peculiar to herself. It was a movement very reminiscent of that of the birds.

In his own person the author writes in this book more brilliantly than in any of its predecessors, perhaps because his mastery of speech has behind it an ever-ripening experience. Some of his aptest sayings slip out almost unconsciously, one would think, as thus:

And he dozed in his chair, thinking how easily the world calls a man wonderful—he has but to startle it—and how easily, too, that man is destroyed if he believes its verdict.

Occasionally satire glances from him, sharp and killing, as in his description of the "What's-in-the-air-to-day Publishing Company." We gather that his business was to sell the Picturesque Knowledge Primers of this firm, of which he says:

They purveyed knowledge in tabloid form and advertised the hungry public into nourishment. The latest thing in politics, painting, flying, in feminism or call-of-the-wild, in music, scouting, cubism, futurism, feeding, dancing, clothing, ancient philosophy redressed, or modern pulpit pretending to be neo—everything that thrills the public to-day, from pageantry and Eurythmics to higher thought and psychism, they touched with clever condensing accuracy of aim, and grew fat upon the proceeds.

He describes the Managing Director: "Fox Martin (né Max Levi), was a genius in his way, sure as a hawk, clairvoyant as a raven. His *Bergson* sold as successfully as his *Exercises for the Bedroom*." Again, on photographs there is the same shrewd thinking:

He had found names and descriptions of various things, but they were the names and descriptions given by others to their own sensations. The ordered classification merely developed snapshots. He recognised photographs of dead things that he knew must be somewhere—alive. The names made stationary what ought to dance along with incessant movement. Only he did not realise this until he saw the photographs. The alleged accuracy of a photograph was an insolent falsehood, pretending that what was alive was dead, that what rushed was stationary. Dogs and savages cannot recognise the photographs of their masters. The resemblance has to be taught. Everything flows, his shilling *Heracitus* told him. He had always known it. Birds taught it. Joan lived it. To classify was to photograph—a prevarication. To publish a snapshot of a jumping horse was to teach what is not true. Definitions were trivial and absurd, for what was true to-day was false to-morrow. The sole value of names, of classification, of photographing lay in stopping life for an instant so that its flow might be realised—as a momentary stage in an incessant process.

It is a very curious book to have been written in the midst of a great war. Yet in an indirect way it is an outcome of it. Probably there is no other man living to whose thoughts it would have given exactly the same trend as it has done those of Mr. Blackwood. Who, for example, would have seen a justification of Cubism, Futurism and some of the rest of the "isms" to-day in the fact that a new point of vision had been discovered by those who take photographs from aeroplanes? A picture obtained in this way differs entirely from any that was in existence previous to the war. Mr. Blackwood's argument is that new ways of looking at things are being rapidly developed by scientific progress, and therefore in the house of new artistic credos he would call nothing common or unclean. In a similar way revelations are traced to the submarine and to the devices for listening and hearing which have come into existence during the war. It will be seen, then, that the book is packed with brilliant thought and speculation. Some of this carries too far to suit the taste of sober judgment, but that is a very pardonable fault, as while every fluid mind will be stirred by the suggestions, each will find a stopping place of its own accord. More than all else, however, is the book a protest against the mammon worship, convention, town-dwelling and low idealism which the great conflict has brought out in strong, definite light. It is wholesome teaching, and the best of it could not possibly be carried to excess. P. A. G.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### DEW AND THE GARDENER.

[To the Editor of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Nowadays, when the increase of crops is a matter of great importance, it pays to study all features of the life of the plant. It is safe to say that few gardeners realise the value of dew. During the hot, clear weather the nightly precipitation of moisture is usually very large indeed, and this plays a big part in sustaining vegetation under trying conditions. Anyone who bestirs himself early in the morning can see that the foliage of the plants is dripping wet and a great deal of this moisture trickles down to the soil. Some plants collect much more dew than others. For instance, most of the common root crops possess large and often shiny leaves. Typical of these are the beetroot and the turnip. On the surface thus presented the dew condenses heavily. The much divided foliage of the carrot also collects a vast number of dewdrops that shine in the morning sun like so many diamonds. Most gardeners have noticed how well these roots "hold-on" in dry weather. Often, when there is little rain, the fleshy root stocks continue to swell at an amazing rate. Without a doubt this is due to the collection of moisture on the foliage. If the leaves of these plants are examined it is plainly seen that there are special channels down which the collected moisture trickles to the ground. The greater part of the water simply goes down the channel in the stalk of the leaves and waters that particular plant. But—and this is a point worth noting by the gardener—almost half of the collected moisture is at the upper part of the foliage which tends to curve towards the ground. The moisture on this part of the foliage drops to the ground over a big circle surrounding the plant. Now, a wise gardener can make good use of this happening in the following manner. Salad plants, such as lettuce, may be placed out around the beetroots or in between the rows just where the foliage leans towards the soil. They will then, every night when there is any dew, receive a deluge of moisture from the large, shiny leaves. The salads will grow right on even in the driest weather without any check at all. Anyone who is curious to find out the amount of moisture collected by that part of a beetroot leaf which overhangs the soil might try a small experiment. Secure a glass bottle and place in this a funnel. Put the receptacle beneath a beetroot leaf during a clear night in hot weather. It will be a surprise to find what an amount of water has been collected. The narrow entry prevents anything like a serious loss by evaporation.—S. LEONARD BASTIN.

### BUTTERMILK CHEESE AND SKIM MILK CHEESE.

[To the Editor of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been interested in your correspondents' recipes for buttermilk cheese; but where, as in most Devonshire households, butter is made from scald cream, there is no resulting buttermilk, only skim milk, and I fear these recipes do not apply. Could one of your correspondents give a recipe for cheese to be made with skim milk only, as is, I know, done in households in Denmark and Norway in small quantities?—E. D.

[To the Editor of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Seeing your recipes in COUNTRY LIFE for buttermilk cheese I am sending you our recipe which is rather different. Let the buttermilk stand one day to sour a little, then put the cream pot on the hob, let it stand until the buttermilk begins to curdle, stand again until cold, when strain through a cloth and hang up to drip until all the whey is out of it. Then add salt and about an equal quantity of well boiled, floury potatoes (passed through a sieve), well mix and put into squares of cheese cloth and slightly press. We put ours under the tablecloth press and it answers well, and the cheese is most delicious and much appreciated. We make a nice hot savoury with a little of it spread on a plain biscuit, sprinkled with a little cayenne, and made hot in the oven.—ANNIE WOODWARD.

### PRIVATE DAIRIES AND THE MAKING OF CHEESE.

[To the Editor of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The working of the various restrictions on the sale of foods, however successful on the whole, seems occasionally to produce results at which they were never aimed. One instance of this is the case of the owners of private dairies with large households who have been able during the winter to consume in their own establishments their output of butter and cream, and in the summer when there was more of both than required, have been accustomed to sell their surplus to retailers or to friends. The retailer now requires so little butter and cream for his customers that he has no need to buy from them, and the friends are already rationed, and anything sent or sold to them is in excess of what should be consumed. There are many more such cases than would commonly be supposed, and the owner of the small dairy is driven to over-lavish use in his household and to making presents to those who will accept them and to feeding milk to pigs in order to use his supply. I am told by a correspondent that in parts of Scotland butter which has become rancid is being used as garden manure—a terrible waste of much needed fat. It would be all to the good if such persons could be encouraged to make use of the butter required for the rations for their households converting the rest of their milk into cheese, which would be provision for next winter's needs. Perhaps the Local Food Committees could take steps to encourage this, even if they have no means of enforcing it.—B. S.

### THE DIFFICULTY OF RABBIT FEEDING.

[To the Editor of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—COUNTRY LIFE is apparently giving its support to the now common rabbit industry, and those readers who have embarked on war rabbit breeding find the articles by Mr. C. J. Davies very useful. I write to ask if Mr. Davies can give us in your paper a few hints as to the feeding of table rabbits in the present times. We cannot easily get the rations he advises in his little book, and I am sure your readers would be glad to know

how best to feed and prepare for the table, with a minimum expenditure on stuff outside our gardens. Oats, etc., are impossible at present.—F. W. BERRY.

[Mr. Davies writes in reply: "With most of the rabbit food going into the bread, and with a heavy penalty attached to giving bread to animals, it is obvious that the difficulties of rabbit rearers are almost insurmountable. The so-called bran appears to be mainly husk or 'dowse' as we used to call it in the West, and apparently falls far short of the analysis upon which it is sold. Young rabbits do well enough upon good bran, but they do not grow quickly or keep plump upon the stuff now available, and in the present writer's experience are from  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to  $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. lighter than they ought to be at eight weeks old, which means that they will have to be kept several weeks longer than they normally would before being ready for the table. The trouble begins with the milk of the does, for the young rabbits are undersized when they first leave the nest. From the time grass is available until well on into July the rabbit feeder will be able to rear fairly economically by making free use of it. With good grass chosen from sunny dry places, hay (clover hay preferably) and such millers' offals as are procurable, it should be possible to rear fairly good rabbits, but they must not be expected to be up to a pre-war standard in forwardness or size. Some breeders may be able to buy dried brewers' grains to take the place of bran. They are usually procurable in hundredweight sacks from any corn merchant who supplies dairy farmers. Dried grains are far better than the present bran, and if soaked for a few hours prior to use (they must not be soaked long enough to turn sour in hot weather) their digestibility and feeding value are increased. These, if mixed with an equal weight of maize gluten feed or with a good fish meal in the proportion of three parts, by weight, dry grain and one part fish meal, should provide a concentrated food which will grow rabbits quickly. The class of pollards at present sold is almost as full of husks as the bran and is not worth paying much more for. A good biscuit meal, as sold for poultry feeding, mixes well with dried grain and helps to improve the quality of the concentrated food. But, as already remarked, our greatest hope lies in getting the mowing machine to work as early as possible; for although grass alone cannot be expected to grow gigantic rabbits, its good feeding value and digestibility will help all breeds along if it forms the bulk of their food and will enable us to grow rabbits which are up to a reasonable standard even if they fall far short of being phenomenal."—Ed.]

### SIR ROBERT BALL AND ELECAMPANE.

[To the Editor of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A propos of the letters which have been appearing in your paper as to the meaning, etc., of elecampane, I send you some verses by the late Sir Robert Ball, who, with all his deep learning, was an accomplished field botanist. The verses are published in Sir Robert's Memoirs, compiled and edited by his son, Mr. Valentine Ball, and may be of interest to your readers. The drug extracted from elecampane is, I think, called "radix helenis," and appears to be a cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to.

#### " ELECAMPANE.

" On an island in Waterville's exquisite lake,  
Which mountains encompass with heather and brake,  
St. Finan resolved he would watch and would pray  
In the bleak winter night and the long summer day.

" He built him a cell from the rude stones around,  
And erected a shrine which is still to be found;  
He knelt and he chanted both early and late,  
And daily his orisons reached Heaven's gate.

" He then planted a garden in which he could grow  
The food which sufficed for his life here below;  
His fastings were oft and his diet was spare,  
So his labour produced all he needed for fare.

" As a part of his penance his goodness to test,  
Dire bodily ailments most bitterly pressed;  
So he planted a simple which banished the pain—  
That simple was only the Elecampane.

" He blessed the herb which his good life preserved,  
And then waxed great with renown well deserved,  
Monks flocked to Lough Currane from France and from Spain,  
And settled where flourished the Elecampane.

" The shrine on the island with sanctity blessed,  
For hundreds of years was the home of the best,  
The Abbey increased and came sun and came rain  
But more verdant than ever grew Elecampane.

" The church had its day and at last change began;  
The Monks went elsewhere as the course of time ran;  
The Abbey was silent, then ruins became,  
But verdant as ever grew Elecampane.

" Again many hundreds of years have gone by,  
And most of the Abbey does prostrate lie;  
Inscriptions and carvings still point out its fame  
And bright 'mid the ruins blows Elecampane.

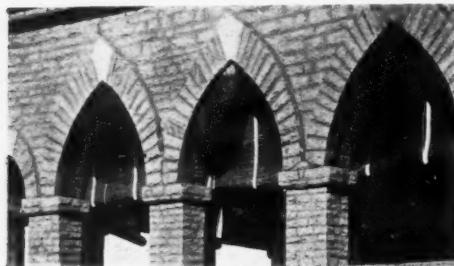
" Though the tomb of the saint is a thousand years old,  
His spirit, we know, is in raptures untold;  
And his smouldering shrine—may it ever sustain  
The life of the beautiful Elecampane."

—A CORRESPONDENT.

## INDIAN BEES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—For some time I have been observing a number of large bee nests that have been made on a public building at Bangalore, Mysore State, Southern India. They hang suspended from the arches of the façades and are fastened by natural adhesion, and so excellently is this done by the bees when laying the "foundations" that at close quarters the nests appear to be



BEES IN AN INDIAN BUILDING.

actually growing out of the stonework. So fond are the bees of this particular building that nearly every arch around it has been occupied and made good use of. Excepting one or two on the west side, all have been occupied, and quite a number had two nests hanging from their points and shoulders. A grand array of fifty nests was seen on the building, and each covered by a mass of busy bees glittering and quivering in the bright tropical sunlight. It was noticeable that on the south side of the building the nests were generally largest, the west having the smallest ones, these being insignificant compared with those on the south and east. The arches in the north façade were unoccupied. Although the bees build their nests in these exposed positions and in clear view of those who frequent the building, some uncertainty seemed to exist regarding the methods adopted by the bees when building and the subsequent labour of storing the honey. From rather casual observations it seemed that the swarm, after a reconnaissance, decides on the arch to be occupied and sets to work, placing the adhesive preparation from which the hive is to be suspended. It takes about ten to fourteen days to build an average nest, during which time the storage of honey has commenced. The bees keep busily occupied for several weeks, and, under normal circumstances, they then commence to vacate the hive. When the migration is complete, bee "enthusiasts" take down the naked work of art and industry and extract what honey may be left and use the empty framework in diverse ways. Two to four pounds is the normal quantity of honey recovered. The bees, during their occupation, were noticed to swarm once or twice a day, usually at noon, evidently seeking exercise in the light and heat of the sun. During this cessation of work it was not particularly enjoyable or safe to stand near so wonderful a phenomenon. Some of the combs are very large indeed, measuring quite 5 ft. long by 2 ft. broad and 4 ins. to 6 ins. in thickness.—A. C. VOWLES.

## OTTER TRACKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph may be of interest to your readers. It



THE TRACKS OF AN OTTER.

shows the track of an otter in soft mud where the animal had followed for a short distance a narrow path between grass tussocks on one of the islands on Lake Windermere. The footprint on the extreme left was 2 ins. across, and the distance between the tracks was about 10 ins.—

MARJORIE GARNETT.

## A REMARKABLE FISH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Owing to the death of the last specimen of the *ceratodus*, or Australian lung-fish, at the London Zoological Gardens, the accompanying photograph (believed to be the only one in existence depicting the living creature) may prove of interest. Known also as the "barramundi," this fish is now almost extinct, the few that remain being found in the muddy waters of the Burnett and Mary Rivers in Queensland. From all accounts it appears that only four living specimens have ever been exported from their native home, two of which were secured by the London Zoological Society in the year 1898 for the sum of £90, while the remaining pair went to the Jardin des Plantes, Paris; only to die, however, after an interval of a few days. Few fish are more interesting than

the lung-fish, for not only do they breathe by means of gills, but also through the agency of lungs—thus being possessed of a double means of respiration.—W. S. BERRIDGE, F.Z.S.

## HUNTING THE EMU.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As the emu shares the kangaroo's pasture, and also exists in huge mobs, it not infrequently happens that when one is out kangaroo hunting this bird becomes the quarry instead of the kangaroo. In fact, you cannot always be sure which of the two the dogs are after until you come up. The dogs are quite impartial, and the "boys" are not particular. Sometimes a clutch of emu eggs is found in a scratching under a bush. This is a good "find." Or a hen will be surprised with her chicks. She is a brave mother and is usually in the mood to give the dogs "what for." To witness the chase of the emu on a stretch of plain country is a thrilling sight. Swift as is this bird on its own ground, the kangaroo dogs "walk over" it. When they have caught up they leap at the base of the neck. There is a little puff of feathers and a dog rolls in the dust. The fallen one loses much ground, but soon he is abreast again. Again he leaps, and again he fails. A third time, and perhaps a fourth, and then, as if by some trick, the bird is thrown. Close behind comes the common, yelping crowd of dogs, in the order of their size and speed. There is a general worry, and the rest is invisible for dust and feathers. Did space permit, a great deal could be written concerning the habits of this quaint denizen of the Australian Bush, but I may state that it is the Sooty kangaroo



THE KANGAROO HUNTER AND A CLUTCH OF EMU EGGS.

(*Macropus giganteus*, or major, of the museums) that is generally hunted in these parts.—HAROLD PRIEST, Glen Aplin, Queensland.

## A WORD TO PLACE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

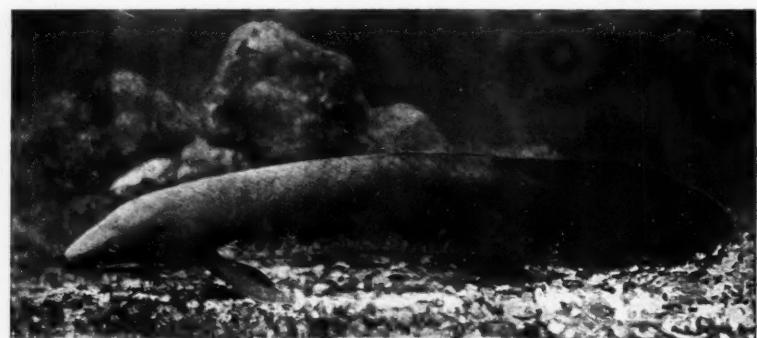
SIR,—The word "Tancel" [Tansel] is well known in Yorkshire and in at least eight other counties. It is also written "Tancil" in West Yorks, and "Tansel" in Staffordshire and Shropshire. It means to beat, thrash; to ill-use. It is a dialect word and Shropshire readers will recognise "I'll tancel yore 'ide for yo'."—ARCHIBALD SPARKE.

## [TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Wright's Dialect Dictionary gives Tancel or Tansel or Tancil as a Yorkshire and Midland word for to beat, thrash, ill-use. The quotations: "I'll tancel your hide"; "Tansel your jacket," suggest that it is, as "M.D." suspects, the same as tan. The form to "Tanceloon" is also given as used in Worcestershire and Herefordshire. It is possible that the "sel" has been tacked on to "tan" simply as copying the commoner word to "Hansel," which in Yorkshire is sometimes used with the sense of to thrash.—UVEDALE LAMBERT.

## [TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I would refer your correspondent "M. D." on page 371 of your issue of April 13th, to Wright's English Dialect Dictionary, where he will see that the word "tansel" is used in Shropshire, Worcestershire and Herefordshire to signify "to beat, thrash, or ill-use"; in several other counties it is used in the same sense, but spelt "tancel."—O. W.



THE AUSTRALIAN LUNG-FISH PHOTOGRAPHED ALIVE.